

One of the prettiest and pleasantest mornings of May, near the close of that delightful month of balmy airs and fragrant flowers, the train for Louisville was freighted with an unusual, nicely dressed men. As usual, amongst the latter was a large proportion of Uncle Sam's pots and shoulder straps. There were no longer any apprehension of guerrillas or other marauders on the road, and after getting fairly under way, the passengers catching the spirit of the lovely morn, were all in the mood of making it a making time pass off pleasantly. It was not long ere all disposed were enjoying themselves in some way. On one of the seats in the ladies' car was a married lady with a little daughter; opposite facing them, was another child, a son, and a colored lady, we thought, and all looked at the baby. The mother of these children was a beautiful matron, with sparkling eyes, in exuberant health and vivacious spirits. Behind her sat a young lieutenant dressed to kill, and seeking a victim. He scraped up an acquaintance with the mother by long before he essayed to make himself very agreeable to her, and by the time the sun began to decline, one would have thought they were old familiar friends. The lieutenant felt that he had made an impression—his elation manifested it. The lady dreaming of no wrong, suspecting no evil, was not at all suspicious of this acquaintance. By and by, the train approached the tunnel at Muldrough's Hill. The gay and festive lieutenant leaned over and whispered something in the lady's ear. It was noticed, and she appeared as thunderstruck, and her eyes immediately flamed with indignation. A moment more and a smile lighted her features, and she smiled. That smile, it was not of pleasure, but was sinister. It was unperceived by the lieutenant. She made him a reply, which rejoiced him apparently very much. For the understanding properly of this narrative we must tell the truth—this is the true fact—this is the truth. Whispered the lieutenant, "I mean to kiss you when we get into the tunnel." Replied the lady, "It will be dark, who will see it?" Into the bowels of the earth—into the tunnel ruse the cars. Lady and colored nurse quickly changed places. Gray lieutenant threw his arms around the lady and kissed her. The colored nurse, so fast and furious rained kisses on his lips. In a few moments the train came into the broad day-light—white lady looked amazed, colored lady bashful, blushing; gray lieutenant befogged. "Jae," said the white lady, "what have you been doing?" Responded colored lady, "nothing." "Nothing?" repeated the white lady, "why not in an undertone, but in a voice that attracted the attention of all in the car, "see how your collar is rumpled and your bonnet mashed." Jane, poor colored beauty, hung her head a moment, the "observed of all observers," and turning to the lieutenant, replied, "This man hugged and kissed me and I must kiss him." The lieutenant laughed that followed among the passengers. The white lady enjoyed the joke amazingly. Lieutenant looked like a sheep-stealing dog—left the car and was soon no more during the trip.—Nashville Union.

Joe Visits a Temperance Family.

Joe Harris was a whole souled man. He was tall, and of a gleam. After living in New Orleans for many years, he came to the conclusion of visiting an old uncle, away up in Massachusetts, whom he had not seen for many years. Now there is a difference between New Orleans and Massachusetts in regard to the use of ardent spirit, and when Joe arrived there, he found all the people ardent about temperance. He felt bad, thinking, with the old song, that "keeping the spirits up" was pouring the spirits down," was one of the things he had to make his taste and began to fear indeed that he was in a pickle. But on the morning of his arrival, the old man and his son being out at work, his aunt came to him and said:

"You have been living at the South and no doubt are in the habit of taking a little to drink about eleven o'clock. I keep a little here, for medicinal purposes, but let no one know it as my husband wants to set the children a good example."

Joe promised, and thinking he would get no more that day, he took as he expressed it, a "butter." After he had walked out to the stable where he should meet but his uncle.

"Well, Joe," said he, "I expect you are accustomed to drink something in New Orleans, but you will find us all temperate here, and for the sake of my sons I don't let them know that I have brandy about; but I just keep a little out here for rheumatism. Will you accept a little?"

Joe signified his readiness, and took another big horn. He then continued his walk to where the boys were mauling rails.

"Joe, I expect you would like to have a drink. As the old folks are down on liquor, we keep some out here to help us work."

Out came the bottle, and down they sat, and by the time he went home to dinner he was as tight as he well could be, and all came from visiting a "temperance family."

On Thursday last, a prisoner arrived from Memphis at Cairo, en route for Washington, around whom there exists much mystery. He was heavily ironed and strictly guarded. The officer having him in charge gave no information beyond the statement that "his capture was the most important one made for some time." There are conjectures that he is the son of Mrs. Surratt.

It is reported in St. Louis that a sharper in New Orleans has perpetrated an extensive swindle by forging the drafts of John J. Rae, of St. Louis, to a large amount, secured from one of the national banks of New Orleans, \$100,000, \$50,000 of which he spent in buying the steamers Mattie Stephens and Joseph E. Pierce. He camped for parts unknown with the remainder.

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